

"THE OOMPAH."

Written by FRED BOWYER

Composed by JOHN S. BAKER

Allegretto



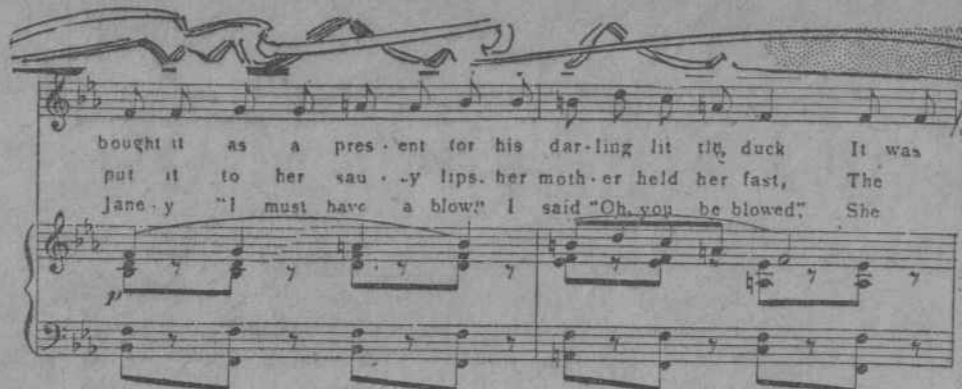
1. I've got a daugh-ter Jane, Who drives me half in-sane, With an
2. To the land-lord on a - wares, We smuggled it up - stairs, If he'd
3. Some rooms we want to find, But some peo-ple are un-kind, They



in - stru-ment she calls— The Oom-pah. Her sweet-heart's in a Band, And
knows it we should all have had The Oom-pah. Her chap taught her to blow, "You
bar us if they know we've got An Oom-pah. The oth - er day, twas fun, We



so you'll un-der-stand, The rea-son why she learns The Oom-pah He
put your lips just so. And if you blow it right 'twill go Oom-pah! She
thought the trick we'd done, And the land-lord had n't got on to The Oom-pah Said



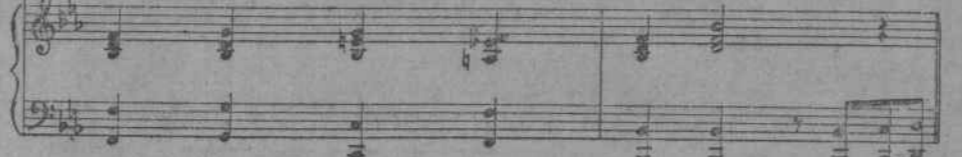
far too big to car-ry so he brought it on a truck, .We're
way she blew her cheeks. I thought each mo-ment was her last, When
got the Oom-pah out and oh, the mel-a-dy that flowed, At



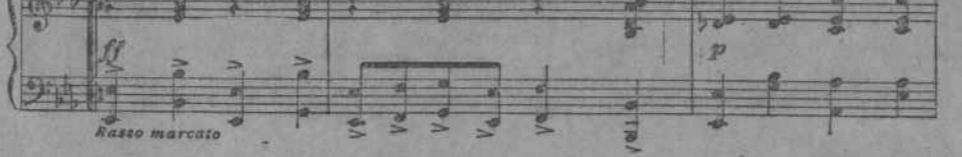
all a go-ing cra-zy, for you nev-er know your luck, If you
all at once she let it go, and blew a fear-ful blast, And
ten o'clock our hap-py home was stand-ing in the road, And



live in lodg-ings where they've got an Oom-pah.
smash went all the win-dows with The Oom-pah. It's
all of us, a sit-ting on The Oom-pah.



CHORUS *1st p. and ff*
Oom-pah! Oom-pah! Jane-y plays the Oom-pah, Un-til she's black and



Rit. marcato



CUT ALONG THIS LINE AND FOLD. THE UPPER HALF WILL MAKE A SONG BOOK AND THE LOWER HALF A CHILDREN'S BOOK.

W. Rabbit, His Book.

The Trick That Failed.



MISS Angelina Kerfoot had been hired to teach the Winter term of school at Collins's Corners. Miss Kerfoot was not known in the immediate neighborhood, but she had come with the best of recommendations from Maplewood, where she had taught for several months in the village school. She was a plump little body, with blue eyes, and on the morning that she arrived at the schoolhouse she wore flowers in her hat and a fur-trimmed Winter cloak.

"My, but don't she put on airs," whispered Tony Williams behind his hand, and from that moment the whole school began to look at the little teacher with disapproval.

That very afternoon trouble began. Fred Hart didn't have his grammar lesson, and Miss Kerfoot ordered him back to his seat to get it. At first he glanced at her with defiance in his eyes, but there was something about the corners of her firm little mouth that made him start up and stumble down the aisle, while all the smaller boys and girls in school giggled and hid their heads behind their books. Fred blushed red and bit his lips—the very idea that he, one of the biggest boys in school, should be made to do such a thing as that!

By the time school let out Fred had worked himself into a terrible passion, and he resolved vengeance at the very earliest opportunity.

That night it snowed, a moist, slippery, sleety snow, which covered the ground several inches deep. But the next morning the boys and girls flocked into the school as usual, with the exception of Fred Hart and Tony Williams. For some mysterious reason they were absent.

About half an hour after school was called Fred and Tony might have been seen skulking over the fence and crawling up toward the back of the schoolhouse. They had with them a long rope and a square bit of board. Fred piled up some sticks of wood and scrambled up on the woodshed, Tony following. Here Tony tied one end of the rope around his waist, while Fred fastened himself to the other end. Very quietly and cautiously Fred clambered up

the steep roof of the main schoolhouse to the ridge. Then he braced himself and pulled Tony up after him.

Picking their steps with the greatest care, the two boys proceeded to the further end of the roof, where the big brick chimney reared itself upward. Here Fred reached up quickly and placed the square board over the top, and the smoke, which had been pouring out in a cheerful cloud, was choked inside.

"I guess that'll fix 'em," he chuckled; "now we'll see what little Miss Peacock will do."

"We'll have to hurry away from here," exclaimed Tony, who had been led into the adventure somewhat against his will; "the smoke'll get down there and somebody will run out to see what's the matter."

So the two boys started back for the woodshed, bracing themselves on opposite sides of the ridge. They had travelled nearly the full length of the roof when Tony stopped suddenly to listen. From the schoolroom under them there came a buzzing sound, as if something exciting was happening.

"Hurry!" said Fred, excitedly. "We'll be caught!"

So saying he gave the rope a little twitch. Tony's footing was far from secure. His feet went out from under him and he began to slip. Fred braced himself and tried to stop his fall. But he was thrown from

his feet. He made a desperate clutch for the ridge, missed it, and spun down the roof like a bobsled on a slippery hill. Over he went to the length of the rope, where he stopped with a jerk that all but cut him in two. His feet hung only a few feet from the ground. On the other side Tony had been a little more lucky. He had slid down to the eaves, where he had managed to cling to the wooden water gutter. Here the rope suddenly strained tight, squeezing from him a yell of terror and pain and fastening him so that he could go neither up nor down.

"Let go that rope!" shout-



HE GLANCED AT HER WITH DEFIANCE.

THEY SNEAKED OVER THE FENCE.

FRED'S PUNISHMENT.

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ed Fred, with all the breath he had left.

"I can't," came Tony's faint voice from the other side. "I'm stuck."

Just then the schoolhouse door burst open, and out swarmed all the children, coughing and choking with the smoke. Miss Kerfoot followed, a look of distress on her pretty, plump face.

The moment she saw Fred squirming and wriggling at the end of the rope she knew what had happened.

Her blue eyes flashed and her red cheeks paled. Back she hurried to the schoolhouse, and when she returned she had with her the ruler of peeled hickory. With her lips set tight she walked straight to where Fred hung.

"Let me down; oh, let me down!" yelled the boy.

But the teacher stood within easy distance, and she gave Fred the worst whipping he ever had.

"Now, sir," she said, "will you go up and remove that board?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

"And will you promise to come to school and behave yourself?"

"Yes, yes."

A chair was brought out and Bert Cragin cut the rope with his knife. Down came Fred with a jolt. At the same time there was a yell of terror from the other side. Miss Kerfoot ran around to find Tony lying in a wet snowbank, with the rope coiled around him. He wasn't hurt in the least, but very much frightened. He assured the teacher that it was all Fred's fault and that he would be good.

Then Fred climbed to the top of the schoolhouse and removed the boards, and then he and Tony went inside.

After school one of the Brown boys told Fred that he wouldn't stand such treatment from any teacher, especially one that put on so many airs.

"Airs?" growled Fred; "she don't put on airs. If anybody's got anything to say against her, he's saying it against me."

And from that time on school teaching at Collins's Corners was easy for Miss Angelina Kerfoot.—Chicago Record.



Mother Goose A-Scorching.



WHAT is it makes the good dogs bark
And pretty babies cry
Papa wont go out after dark
And mama sits close by

What is it makes the thunders crash
And gives me creepy creeps
Like a goggling giant with a green mustache
Was a eating my birthday keeps

Oh! it's Mother Goose in a bon bazine gown.
Scorching along high over the town
On a brand new bicycle loaned by a clown
And she wont come down

Till the moon's put in jail
For laughing till pale
When her bloomers were blown in a terrible gale

Here's a Good Game to Play.

Did you ever play "Name the Shadow?" There's lots of fun in it if there's a jolly party in the house. It's simply making one of the party's shadow fall on a cloth and then guessing who it is. Take a white tablecloth or a sheet, and hang it up at one end of the room. Then the one in the party who is selected to guess is placed upon a low stool, with his or her face turned toward the cloth. Behind him, on the further side of the room, a table is placed and on it a lighted lamp, all the other lights in the room being extinguished. Each one in the company in turn passes before the lamp and behind the guesser, who is gazing at the cloth where the shadows will fall. If the guesser names the right shadow, the one who made it has to pay a forfeit or take the place of the guesser. "Make a face" or turn up your coat, and the chances are you wont be caught.

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